Gun and Knife
(after J. Tranter)

"Please, I'm begging you—
don't do it at 3 a.m., when
I'm sleeping, but rather at
high noon, in a public square,
so that everyone can see a
thousand rosy rivulets run
like waterfalls away from
my innards. A sawed-off
shotgun, please, fed to me
like cornbread, what I know
is really best, no need for
a spoon, just shove it in.
Then, when my brain dots
& streaks several unready
awnings, the knife, have it
be long, terrible as angels
dancing & as merciless,
plunge it, deeper, deeper,
so that I feel my aorta
being severed, really feel
it, how shockingly irrevocable,
just like that, so that literal
nothingness becomes my
only reality, which it already
is, which is why I'm begging
you, please, please."

Guppy Or

I'm a guppy, she
said, & you're an
arachnid, which is
why you won't let
me go long enough
to wrap myself
around you like a
good mermaid.

Which is it, I
said, guppy or
mermaid? Then I
was under water
waving in a current
that took me into
schools of both

guppies & mermaids,
but I still had a
stinger, & I used
it to find her, &
she trashed it, &
all eight arms of
me were disencumbered,